

Scandinavia

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MYTHOLOGY, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

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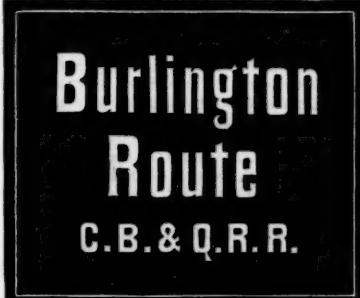
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Scandinavia.

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Scandinavia

VOL. 2.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER, 1885.

NO. 12.

FROM HOME.

Two years ago, at the beginning of this publication, we stated our ideas about the social and political state of the Scandinavian countries, somewhat different from those commonly accepted. Against the general belief we regarded Sweden as politically the most developed country, having the best coöperation between the several social classes, the greatest political experience and also the best results in a liberal legislation. Although it is not incorrect that the Swedes have been called "a slow nation, full of eruptive heat;" although it is furthermore characteristic that French tendencies have been found in Sweden as against the more practical English in Norway, and the heavier German characteristics in Denmark; although the location of the country is more isolating than that of the two other Scandinavian countries, we think that not only former history, but the experiences of present days constantly show the actual political superiority of the Swedish nation. There has rather been reason to fear that the Swedes, as of late the Englishmen, should be apt, through mistaken reformatory zeal, to exchange better institutions of their own for bad foreign imitations. Less balanced is the intellectual life of the nation, with its glaring contrasts between orthodox or pietistic belief and radical free-thinking. Certain reformers, like Strindberg, are at least practically not less mistaken than their conservative adversaries. But it is to be hoped that the whole strong and gifted young radical school will initiate reforms which will be wholesome and real when they reach practical life.

In Norway the political equilibrium, brought about by the present democratic and parliamentary cabinet, is of late date. Notwithstanding our personal sympathy with some of the leaders of the opposite party, that of the officials and of the higher middle class, with its honest and enlightened administration, and notwithstanding the narrow-mindedness and lack of enlightenment of

the peasant democracy—we rejoice at the victory of the popular party. Reforms in military organization, popular education, church organization, banking, the organization of the courts, etc., are being introduced or are at least moving. An understanding has been again brought about between king and people, and the people are contented. The economical life of the hard-working Norwegians has not been easy. The important shipping interest continues to suffer. Ugly crises have taken place in several of the commercial towns. Still the economy of the country is as a whole sounder than that of most other European nations at this moment.

An extremely sad sight is continually presented by the political situation of Denmark, where the popular party has not, like in Norway, the majority in the high court of the realm, as the last weapon against the cabinet. The situation is only growing in bitterness and barrenness. The Folkething voted down the act of appropriation for this year and the law forbidding rifle associations, both promulgated by the government as provisional laws. The constitution contains a clause requiring that such laws have to be introduced and ratified in the next parliament, but the cabinet pretends that they can only be introduced by the government. The Folkething, on its side, made a mistake in refusing the whole budget for next year. It would have been strong by starving out the cabinet in refusing all extras, it but weakened its own position in at once throwing out the budget, and by that means creating a necessity for the government to act arbitrarily. During the same exciting days at the opening of the session, happened the attempt on the life of the premier, Mr. Estrup. The government then used its right to prorogue the parliament for two months, and at once promulgated new provisional laws, one establishing a military corps of gendarmes in the country, another introducing the German police system, declaring that all writings or words addressed to meetings inciting to criminal

acts shall be regarded as originating or attempting crimes; that presenting criminal acts as laudable, inciting class against class, publishing facts invented or misrepresented provoking hate against the state institutions or government acts, is punishable by imprisonment; that inciting the military to disobedience can be punished by imprisonment, and even by hard labor; that offenses against the police ordinances governing the sale of weapons can be punished by imprisonment or fine; that officials can be punished for offenses against this law by dismissals, and former officials by loss of pension; that, finally, offenders can be proceeded summarily against for these offenses. The government has thus used its formal right to promulgate laws in case of necessity, and when the parliament was not in session, in such a way that it evidently has sent the parliament home for the purpose of immediately promulgating laws which it knew never would be accepted, and which also will be refused ratification when the parliament meets again. The opposition regards absolute government as now practically reintroduced. On the other hand, the ministers declare that they are the defenders of true freedom and progress, and men like old Carl Ploug and the younger poet Drachmann, who were both once liberals, and even radicals and defenders of the right of universal suffrage, walked at the head of the torch-light procession brought as an homage to Estrup after the attempt on his life. It is unnecessary to state that we absolutely disapprove of the actions of the government.

The whole situation in Denmark is one more illustration of the insufficiency of a paper constitution. True self-government depends not so much on the usual written constitutional rights of elections, etc., as on the manner in which the rights are used. In Denmark it is, with all regard for the faults of the opposition, certainly unpardonable, that the governing class does not recognize the importance and even necessity of the parliamentary system of government by the parliamentary leaders, and furthermore, as the Danish society is constructed, the practical exigency to govern through, or at least in agreement with, the peasant-farmer class. On the other hand we must admit that the misfortunes of the situation are actually less than they at first appear. The opposition would learn by being called to the government, but they learn now also by being obliged to fight hard, and by feeling the necessity of uniting with men of the educated middle class. The practical results of the stoppage of legislation

are no unmixed evil. It is fortunate that no large means are voted for fortifications and other military expenses; they would, as a rule, be a useless expenditure, wrong as the continental European military system is, especially for the small states. The Danish finances are now flourishing as hardly in any other nation.

These states have largely the same issues as other countries. One of these is the development of public education; but the Danish people hardly know, even as much as the Swedes and Norwegians, what they want of educational reform. At some future time the question of the disestablishment of the church will come up. The Lutheran church is, notwithstanding its record of popular education, hardly less unpopular than the Episcopal church in England or the Catholic church in southern Europe, and is, at least in several parts of Scandinavia, undoubtedly even hated by the masses as the English church is disliked by the workingmen in England; but the public mind is still entirely unprepared to decide the way which it will finally take to separate state and church. There is, actually, hardly any important reform we could expect to see carried through the moment the political contest ended—a situation which is certainly to some extent itself one of the consequences of the whole prolonged barren fight for power.

Nothing is of more practical importance at this moment than the economical situation of the people. Especially is the American competition in Scandinavia, as in other countries, changing a good many established relations. Prices are now such that even the best branches of agriculture do not pay as formerly. In Denmark there is at present, as there has been not long ago in parts of Norway, and at several former periods in Sweden, even a sharp economical crisis, resulting in bankruptcy to large firms, bankers and corn dealers, and in suffering to a number of landed proprietors, caused by the sinking prices of property. Legislative measures would undoubtedly be of great assistance, but it seems again here as if hardly any of the parties would be ready to adopt the policy that would be of practical avail, i. e., the cheapening of the cost of living and of production, and the stopping of industrial attempts not suited for the country. Denmark and the agricultural part of Sweden have still, in the production of malt barley, in a more progressive agriculture, and in the industries connected with agriculture, a sufficient means of development, especially with continued

progress in communication and commerce with England. Still, as often mentioned, the liberal spirit seems, also in this respect, not to thrive.

It is unnecessary to repeat that in the present period of political decadence there hardly seems to be even room for the great questions of foreign policy. In half-barbarous southern Europe political union is at least advancing. In the north, that union without which the small states cannot even exist when political storms arise, first between the three countries themselves, and then with other related nations, commercial and political alliance with England, if not at present with Germany, is not even at this time a practical question. The present union between Sweden and Norway is at least not growing. We shall in the new year specially review some of the economical facts in Scandinavia from the past period.

N. C. FREDERIKSEN.

TWO FRIENDS.

FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF A. KJELLAND.

TRANSLATED BY LARS SUNDT.

[Continued from the November number.]

A good while had elapsed, and the two former friends worked in their respective quarters of great Paris. They met on the exchange, but never transacted business with each other. Charles never worked against Alphonse; he would not ruin him; he wanted him to ruin himself, for that matter, and it seemed as if Alphonse desired to accommodate his friend. No doubt he made a good transaction once in a while, but he soon forgot the solid work he had learned with Charles. He was growing careless with his business, and lost several valuable connections.

He always had a taste for a comfortable and luxurious life, but when living with the more frugal Charles, his extravagant inclinations had been checked. At present, however, his style of living grew more and more extravagant, the number of his acquaintances increased, and more than ever before was he the gallant and sought-for Monsieur Alphonse; but Charles kept an eye on his increasing debt.

He watched Alphonse as closely as could possibly be done, and, their business being the same, he could calculate, at least to a certain extent, the income of the other. His expenses were easier to control, and he soon discovered that Alphonse was contracting debts in different places.

He cultivated some acquaintances for which, to tell the truth, he did not care, only to have an opportunity through them to get an insight into Alphonse's expensive household and foolish waste of money. He frequented the same cafés and restaurants as did Alphonse, but at different hours. Nay, he even had his clothes made by Alphonse's tailor, because the talkative little gentleman would entertain him with lamentations that Monsieur Alphonse never paid his bills.

Charles often thought how easy it would be for him to buy up a lot of claims on Alphonse and turn them over to a hard-hearted usurer. But it would be doing him a great injustice to suppose that he contemplated for a moment anything of the kind. It was but an idea over which he liked to muse; he was as if in love with Alphonse's debts.

But time crept on, and Charles grew pale and haggard while he waited. He waited for the moment when these people who had always looked down upon him should realize how little there really was to admire in this brilliant, idolized Alphonse. He wanted to see him subdued, forsaken by his friends, lone and poor, and then—. Well, he did not like to think any farther, for, at this point certain feelings touched his heart which he would not allow to manifest themselves.

He *would* hate his former friend; he *would* be revenged for all the frigidity and neglect that accompanied his own life, and every time his better self tried to put in a word for Alphonse, he would put it aside, remembering the words of the old banker: "Sentimentality won't do for a business man."

One day he went in to his tailor; he used altogether more clothes lately than he really needed. The little busy man at once hurried up to him with a roll of broadcloth: "See, here is a pattern that will suit you admirably. Monsieur Alphonse is having a complete suit made of it—and Monsieur Alphonse is a gentleman who understands how to dress."

"I did not think, however," interrupted Charles, a trifle surprised, "that Monsieur Alphonse was among your favored customers."

"Oh! my God!" exclaimed the little tailor, "you allude to my occasionally mentioning that Alphonse owed me a few thousand francs? I was a fool to speak thus. Not only has M. Alphonse paid me the trifles he owed me, but I am also informed that he has satisfied a host of other creditors of my acquaintance. I have done a great injustice to the dear, nice gentleman, and I

implore you never to hint at my imprudent remarks."

Charles heard no more of the talkative tailor's chatter. He soon left the shop, and walked up the street, quite engrossed with the idea that Alphonse had paid his debts.

It struck him how silly he was, after all, thus to go round waiting for the other's ruin. How easily might not the smart and lucky Alphonse strike a successful transaction and make lots of money without Charles knowing a word about it. Maybe he was prospering, after all. Maybe the end of it would be that people would say, "Now first does Mr. A. show what is in him after he has got rid of his cross and slow partner."

Charles strolled slowly, with bent head. He got many a push, but he did not heed it. His life seemed to him so meaningless, as though he had thrown it away himself. Just then he got a more than usually hard push. He looked up and recognized an acquaintance made at the time when he and Alphonse had been employed in the Credit Lyonnais.

"Why, how do you do, Monsieur Charles?" called the stranger. "Quite a while since I have met you. Strange, however, that I should meet you to-day. Just thought of you this morning."

"For what reason, if you please?" said Charles, absent-mindedly.

"Why, the fact is, I just noticed a note in the bank to-day,—a draft for 30,000 or 40,000 francs, on which the names of both yourself and Mr. Alphonse surprised me. I believed that you two gentlemen—hm!—were quit of each other."

"No, we are not quite quit of each other," said Charles, slowly.

He labored not to show any emotion, and asked, in a tone as natural as he could make it, "When is the draft due—I don't remember exactly?"

"To-morrow or the day after, I think," answered the other, who, being an active business man, was already on the point of taking leave. "It was accepted by Mr. Alphonse."

"I am aware of that," said Charles; "but couldn't you arrange it so that I could pay the bill to-morrow. It is a courtesy—a favor—I would like to show—"

"With pleasure. Order your man to ask for me personally in the bank tomorrow afternoon. I will arrange it for you—nothing is easier. Excuse me, I am in a hurry. Good-by!" and away he ran.

The next day Charles was waiting in his private office for his clerk, who had gone to the bank to pay Alphonse's acceptance.

At last a clerk entered, put a folded piece of blue paper on the desk, and went out.

It was not till the door was closed that Charles seized the bill, looked hastily around in the room, and opened it. He gazed at his name a little while, then he lay back in his chair and breathed heavily. It was as he supposed: the signature was false.

He bent forward again. He looked at his own name for a long while and noticed how poorly it was imitated.

While his keen eye was following every line in the signature he could hardly think. His mind was so stirred up, and his feelings so strangely mixed, that it was some time before he realized what a tale was told by those fumbling characters on the piece of blue paper.

He felt a kind of thickening in his throat, and before he knew it a great tear fell on the paper.

Again he turned round to see if he was alone, took up his handkerchief, and carefully wiped the wet spot off the bill. He thought again of the old banker in rue Bergére.

What did it matter to him, after all, that Alphonse's weak character at last had made him a criminal? And what had he lost? Nothing; for did not he hate his former friend? Nobody could say that it was his fault that Alphonse had gone to the dogs. Everything had been divided honestly between them, and never had he attempted to hurt him.

Then he thought of Alphonse. He knew him well enough to be sure that when the refined and pure Alphonse had fallen so low he must have reached the brink of life, ready to spring out of it, before disgrace could reach him.

This idea made Charles jump up. It should not happen. Alphonse should not have time to put a ball through his head and hide his shame in that mixture of sympathy and mysterious terror that accompanies the suicide. Then he would lose the chance of revenge. In vain had he been nourishing a hatred which had made him evil. Having lost his friend forever, at least he wanted to expose his enemy, so that all should see what a miserable, contemptible fellow he was, this charming Alphonse.

He glanced at his watch; it was half-past five. Charles knew in which café he could meet Alphonse at this time. He put the note in his pocket and buttoned his coat.

But on the road he would stop at a police bureau, turn over the draft to a civil officer, who should, on a hint from Charles, suddenly step up

in the middle of the café, where Alphonse was always surrounded by his friends and admirers, and call out in a loud and distinct voice, so that all could hear it: "Monsieur Alphonse, you are accused of forgery!"

It was rainy weather in Paris. It had been foggy and chilly all day, and in the afternoon it began to rain. It was not pouring; the water was not coming down in regular drops, but it was as though the very sky had sunk in the streets of Paris and then slowly transformed into water. No matter how people tried to protect themselves, they became quite wet all over. The dampness crept in back, in the neck, clinched around the knees like a wet blanket, penetrated the boots and the pants.

Some sanguine ladies were standing in the gateways, their dresses tucked up, waiting for the rain to stop; others waited for hours at the omnibus stations. But most of the men hurried along under their umbrellas. Only a few were prudent enough to give it up; they drew up their coat collars, put their umbrellas under their arm and hands in their pockets.

Although it was early in the fall it was already twilight at five o'clock. A solitary gaslight was lighted in the narrowest streets, and now and then the light from a shop window tried to shine out in the heavy, thick, damp air.

People swarmed in the streets as usual, pushed each other off the sidewalk, and smashed each other's umbrellas. All cabs were taken; they hurried along, splashing the pedestrians as much as they could with dirt, while the asphalt glistened in the dim light with a shabby cover of mud.

The cafés were crowded; the regular customers were furious, and the waiters ran against each other in their hurry. In the midst of the confusion was heard the penetrating sound from the bell on the bar; la dame du comptoir called a waiter, while her clear eye was supervising the whole café.

In a great restaurant on the Boulevard Sébastopol sat a lady at the buffet. She was widely known for her ability and amiable nature. She had shining dark hair, which she parted, in spite of fashion, in the middle of her forehead in natural curls. Her eyes were almost dark, and her mouth was full, with a little shade of a mustache. Her figure was still very handsome, although she had probably passed the age of thirty, and she had a soft little hand, with which she wrote nice figures in a cash book, and now and then a little note. Madame Virginie could converse with the young dandies always standing around the bar, and parry

their jokes, at the same time keeping account of the waiters and watching every corner of the large room.

Really handsome was she only from five to seven in the afternoon—it was the time in which Alphonse used to visit the café. Then her eyes would not leave him, her color grew fresher, her mouth was ready for a smile, and there was something nervous in her movements. It was the only time of the day she might happen to give a wrong answer or make a mistake in her cashbook, and the waiters put their heads together and laughed. For it was generally supposed that she had formerly been intimate with Alphonse at times, and some would even know that she was his mistress still.

She knew best herself how it was, but it was impossible to be angry with M. Alphonse. She knew very well that he did not care more for her than for twenty others, that she had lost him, nay, that she had never owned him. And still her eyes begged of him a kind glance, and when he left the café without sending her a friendly greeting, it was as if she faded, and the waiters whispered: "Look at Madame, she is blue tonight."

Near the windows it was still light enough to read the newspapers; a couple of young gentlemen amused themselves watching the crowd passing by. Seen through the big plate-glass windows, the busy figures gliding by each other in the dense damp air looked like fish in an aquarium. Further back in the café and over the billiard table, the gas was lighted. Alphonse was playing with a couple of friends.

He had stopped at the buffet to greet Madame Virginie, and having noticed for some time how that he grew paler day by day, she had half jestingly, half anxiously, reproached him for his fast life.

Alphonse turned it off with a poor joke, and asked for absinthe.

Oh, she hated these fast ladies from the ballet and the opera, who tempted him to spend night after night at the gambling table, or at endless suppers. How poorly he had looked the last few weeks; he had become quite thin, and his large mild eyes had a burning restless glance. What wouldn't she give to draw him out of this life, that ruined him; she looked in the mirror opposite and thought she was handsome enough.

Occasionally the door opened and a new customer came tramping in. All bowed to Madame Virginie and nearly all said, what a miserable day!

When Charles entered he made a slight bow and took a seat near the fireplace.

Alphonse's eyes were now really restless; he looked toward the door whenever any one entered, and when Charles made his appearance there was a nervous twitch in his face and he missed the ball.

"M. Alphonse is not playing his usual game to-day," said a looker-on.

Shortly after a strange gentleman walked in. Charles looked up from his paper and bent his head slightly; the stranger raised his eyebrows a little bit and looked at Alphonse.

The latter dropped his cue on the floor. "Excuse me, gentlemen! I don't feel disposed to play billiards to-day," he said; "allow me to stop. Waiter! bring me a bottle of seltzer and a spoon, —I must take a dose of Vischy salts."

"You should not take so much Vischy salts, Monsieur Alphonse! but rather keep a rational diet," said the doctor, who was playing a game of chess near by.

Alphonse laughed, and sat down at the newspaper table. He seized "Journal Amusant" and began to make merry remarks over the illustrations. Soon a little circle gathered round him, and his store of piquant stories and jokes seemed inexhaustible.

While he was chatting in that way and the bystanders were laughing, he poured out a glass of seltzer water and took up a little box on which was written in big letters, "Vischy salt."

He poured the powder into the glass and stirred it with the spoon. There was a little cigar ashes on the floor before his chair, which he brushed away with his handkerchief and then he reached for the glass.

Presently he felt a hand on his arm. Charles had arisen from his chair and walked rapidly across the room; he now bent down over Alphonse.

The latter turned his head towards him, so that no one but Charles could see his face. At first his eyes vaguely followed the figure of his old friend, but now he opened them full, and fixing them on Charles he whispered, "Charlie!"

It was long since Charles had heard the old pet-name. Looking at the well-known face he at once perceived how greatly it was changed. It was to him as if he read a sad history about himself.

Thus they stood for a couple of seconds, and over Alphonse's features crept that helpless and entreating expression which Charles knew so well from the time they went to school; when Alphonse came running in the last moment and wanted to have his exercise done.

"Are you through with 'Journal Amusant?'" asked Charles; his voice was broken.

"Yes, please!" answered Alphonse, and handing him the paper he grasped one of his fingers and whispered, "Thanks!" Then he emptied the glass.

Charles went up to the strange gentleman who was sitting near the door: "Give me the note."

"Then you will have no need for our assistance?"

"No, thank you."

"So much the better," said the stranger, and handed Charles a folded piece of blue paper; then he paid for his coffee and left.

Madame Virginie arose with a little shriek, "Alphonse! Oh, my God! Monsieur Alphonse is sick."

He slid off his chair, his shoulders pushed upward and his head dropped to one side. He remained seated on the floor with his back against the chair.

It caused a motion among the people standing near. The doctor rushed to him and fell down on his knees. Looking into Alphonse's face he started a little. He took his hand as if to feel his pulse, at the same time bending over the glass which stood on the edge of the table. He managed to strike it with his hand, so that it fell down on the floor and was broken. Then he put Alphonse's head down and tied a handkerchief under his chin.

It was not till now that the others conceived what had happened: "Dead—is he dead, Doctor? Monsieur Alphonse dead?"

"It was heart disease," answered the doctor.

One came running with water, another with vinegar. Amidst laughter and noise the balls could be heard clicking on the billiard tables.

"Hush!" it was whispered; "Hush!" and the silence spread in wider and wider circles around the corpse till it was quiet all over the room.

"Give me a lift," said the doctor. Alphonse was lifted up and laid on a sofa in a corner of the room, and the nearest gaslights were extinguished.

Madame Virginie was still standing erect, her face was white as chalk, and she clasped her bosom with her little soft white hand. They carried him by her place; the doctor had got hold under his arms, and as he did so he pulled up his vest, so that a part of his fine white shirt became visible.

She followed with her eyes his slender, well-shaped form, which she knew so well, and continued gazing toward the dark corner.

Most of the guests quietly left the place. A

couple of young gentlemen came tramping in from the street; a waiter ran up to them and whispered a few words; they glanced over to the dark corner, buttoned their coats, and again dived out into the fog.

The half dark café grew empty; only a few of Alphonse's friends stood whispering in a group. The waiters sneaked about, giving the dark corner a wide berth. One of them was gathering up the glass pieces on a tray. He did his best to do it quietly, but still it was too much noise.

"Leave that till later," said the landlord, in a low voice.

Leaning against the mantelpiece, Charles was looking at his dead enemy. Slowly he tore up a folded piece of blue paper, while thinking of his friend.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

In the Norseland of song and of story
There dwells a minstrel of worth,
Whose fame is the pride and the glory
Of Norway, the land of his birth.

For her bard sings the songs of the lowly,
Of the simple peasant-life tells:
How their loves are as pure and as holy
As the lord's who in grandeur dwells.

And he sings with a great poet-brother,
Who pictures their virtues as well,
"Though poor is old Norway, my mother,
In her peasant home honor doth dwell."

With Arne, we gaze o'er the mountains,
And long for some far-away land,
Watch the waves leap from ocean's deep fountains,
And dash against Norway's strand.

He is brave and bold as a Viking—
As a woman, tender and true—
As fearless as e'er any sea king
That sailed o'er the waters blue.

Whenever his country's in danger,
His patriot soul is there,
And his voice rings out through the nation;
"Beware, O! king, beware.

"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther,
"And here shall thy power be stayed,"
When he, who should be their father,
To encroach on their rights essayed.

Then turned to a suffering brother,
Some comforting words to say;
Charity's mantle threw over a sister
Who had fallen by the way.

Ever tender, and true, and loving,
Pitying all human woe,
Leading the erring and roving
Into paths where lilies grow,

I would wreath his brow with laurel,
But the world has placed it there,
And though fair is a garland of roses,
His record is full as fair.

Orator, patriot, and minstrel—
Three in one, and one in three—
We rejoice thy noble deeds to tell,
And gladly pay homage to thee.

Then hail to thee, Björnsterne Björnson!
Thy name has gone out through the earth
As the champion of right and of reason.
All true souls acknowledge thy worth.

SARAH CORNING PAOLI.

KARLSEFNE VERSUS COLUMBUS.

When the great news spread over Europe, in the fifteenth century, that Christopher Columbus had discovered America, at least two persons must have turned restlessly in their graves. Had they spoken audibly, something like this would have been heard from Mrs. Thorfinn Karlsefne: "Only to think of the impudence of that man! Going around and telling people that *he* discovered America!"

And Mr. Karlsefne, with an attempt to rise, would have replied, "I wish to gracious, Godrid, I could get up out of this, and tell what I know! Why, that scalawag has been up to Iceland and read the whole historical account of our voyages!"

"And that people should have believed him," Mrs. Karlsefne would have continued, "after all I said when I was in Rome, about being in America myself! It is very provoking when one has done a clever thing not to get the credit of it."

"And yet, after all, my dear," she would have added, philosophically, "I don't know as it makes much difference, as long as we are not there to be shoved to the wall by it. Let him wear the feather in his cap while he may; it won't be long before he is as insignificant as we."

The following are some of the facts which Scandinavians have generally accepted, although it cannot be denied that the question remains a mooted one.

Away up in Greenland, some hundreds of years ago, lived Mr. and Mrs. Thorfinn Karlsefne, of great wealth and renown. Like many other people of means, they had exhausted the objects of interest in their own country and were continually being upset by reports of attractions abroad. With eager minds and a long purse they were only waiting to hear of some place of sufficient novelty before setting out.

Europe, even in their day—which was more than eight hundred years ago—was something of

an old story; and so, with an enterprise which always characterized her, Mrs. Karlsefne at length determined upon a voyage which should be less commonplace. She felt a sense of superiority from the moment she thought of it.

"Why not take our ships, Mr. Karlsefne," she remarked, one day, as she fastened the plaits of her yellow hair with an expensive ornament, "and sail toward the south until we arrive at some place? It would not matter much where it was, because, of course, the more it cost us and the longer we remained away from home, the more creditable it would be to us. It is a pity that we, who might go to the moon if we chose, have never been farther than Norway. By taking such a trip as I suggest, we might happen to come across that wonderful country about which everybody is talking now."

So, as Mr. Karlsefne was by no means averse to the scheme, and had even thought of it himself, before, it was agreed, while he fastened the wolf heads of his girdle together, that they should set out in the spring.

The ships were accordingly made ready, and Mrs. Karlsefne's wardrobe was replenished. As many of their friends as would accompany them they persuaded to do so, setting before them the beauty of foreign scenery, and the magnificence of foreign courts. Together with their servants, they made a company of about one hundred and sixty persons, to whom—for they were brave as lions—a storm at sea was but "a tempest in a tea-pot;" and on a certain bright morning, with shields gleaming, spears flashing and long oars tossing in the sun, they set gallantly forth.

Sailing for many days away to the southward, they came at last to the thin arm of Cape Cod, flung out into the sea. Mrs. Karlsefne regarded it meditatively, but with evident satisfaction. "It looks very pleasant over there, Thorfinn," she said. "We might land and find out who lives there."

To which Mr. Karlsefne replied that he had made up his mind to do so, and, putting his huge hand to his mouth trumpet-wise, he called in a prodigious voice, "Haki! Hekja!"

Immediately there appeared before him two Scots, as queer as the queerest in appearance. They were notorious walkers, the champions of their time, and celebrated for their powers of endurance. They wore a curious garment, called a *kjafal*, much like a monk's cowl at the top, but closed about the body like little trunk trousers, and without sleeves.

Sailing along Cape Cod, Mr. Karlsefne determined to put the Scots on shore, directing them to run inland, and explore the country. As they scampered over the sand, breast to breast, and disappeared in the forest beyond, Mrs. Karlsefne laughed aloud, at their droll appearance.

"They'll astonish the natives!" she cried.

They were gone three days, at the end of which they returned, without much information, but with a bunch of grapes, and some grain which they had found growing in abundance. "The people are probably away for the summer," Mrs. Karlsefne remarked; "but I shouldn't have thought they would take their houses with them."

The travelers continued their voyage, until they came to an island, around which flowed a warm stream with a violent current, and which they accordingly named Stream Island. This, too, seemed forsaken by its inhabitants, and was so thickly strewn with the eggs of eider-ducks that Mrs. Karlsefne soiled her best shoes with them as she walked; which led her to remark upon the lack of good management in foreign lands. Here they removed their cargo, and prepared to remain, for the country was very beautiful.

But when the summer was past they were desirous of a change, and made their arrangements for removing to Narragansett Bay—so popular as a resort ever since. Here, for a time, they enjoyed unbroken prosperity, and here their real adventures began.

Here, also, was born Snorre, Thorfinn's son, the first European boy born in America. It was on a brilliant autumn day that he opened his eyes and studiously examined his mother's smiling face; when, having tested his lungs with a wailing cry, he relaxed his clutch of the nurse's arm and took his first nap in the world. In after days he spent much of his time on the skin cot which served as a bed on ship-board, and as a receptacle for clothes and household utensils when traveling.

The Scots were his faithful attendants, and never wearied of seeking for objects to amuse him. They brought him such shells and old bones as a naturalist of our day would give his head to possess, but which soon fell from the languid fist of Snorre, Thorfinn's son, and were washed away into the depths of the great sea. He was very happy in those days, quite careless of the misery which was slowly settling down upon his people who had not supplied themselves with sufficient provisions for the winter.

Mrs. Karlsefne's face grew wan and hollow-eyed, and she had to endure the reproaches of her friends. Even Mr. Karlsefne, in a very hungry moment, so far forgot himself as to blame her for having urged him to come hither.

In the midst of their distress a whale was seen in the vicinity of the settlement, at which the gentlemen of the party started up with great alacrity, and entered into pursuit, brandishing their spears in an alarming manner. It was unlike any whale that they had ever seen, being of the balaena species, and was captured with great difficulty; for they were weak for want of food, and gathered eagerly around the steward while he prepared the whale for the feast.

"There!" cried a famous hunter, named Thorhall, as they sat down to the repast, "may be you'll believe now that the Red Bearded (meaning the heathen god, Thor, whom the people had lately forsaken) is more helpful than your Christ. It is seldom that I have sang verses to Thor, my protector, and been deserted." Saying which, he fell to eating his share of the spoil.

But the meal was scarcely completed when all were taken violently ill, for the flesh of the whale had poisoned them. "Our Christ will surely send us something better than this," they said, and resigned themselves to Him.

And, indeed, the weather began to improve soon after, so that they were enabled to gather food in abundance. There were plenty of wild beasts in the forest, the eggs of the eider-ducks were palatable, and the fishing became fine.

Time passed, and Snorre grew to be a stout fellow of more than two years, frolicking about in his little tunic of azure cloth, with its golden girdle, as happy as a bee in clover.

Haki and Hekja continued to bring him such treasures as they could collect on their long walks down the coast. Stowed in the hoods of their kjafals came flowers, and birds, and curious small animals, which Snorre learned to feed and caress. Close at his heels ran, or tumbled, or leaped the oddest of animated things, to whose tails or ears Snorre had fastened the gayest flowers; while joined to his merry laughter rang the bark, or the scream, or the chatter of his four-footed companions.

One day, as he was tripping along the beach, followed by his father and mother, who, in their turn were followed by servants in attendance, there came suddenly rushing into sight, like a monstrous cloud, a multitude of little canoes, to which poles were attached with ends toward the sun.

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Karlsefne, standing still in astonishment, "what on earth can it mean?"

"May be they are the inhabitants of the country," said one of his men, "and perhaps the poles turned toward the sun are intended for a sign of peace. Let us take a white shield and hold it towards them, and see what they will do."

The experiment was tried with apparent success, for the men in the canoes rowed rapidly toward them, and, springing from their boats, to the dismay of Snorre, came leaping up the shore. They were hideous enough in appearance, with murky complexions, and coarse, black hair. But, having gazed long and with extreme curiosity at Mr. Karlsefne and his men, they grinned amicably, turned round, got into their canoes, and disappeared as they had come.

This event created intense excitement in the Karlsefne community, and was long the supreme topic of conversation. But, like other matters of interest, it had its day, and at last ceased altogether to be mentioned.

The following winter was a mild one, and there was no snow. Mrs. Karlsefne gave lawn parties and picnics in the woods, and Snorre played out of doors continually. He was digging a lake in the sand one day, throwing up his excavations with a long stick, and laying aside such treasures as he cared to preserve, when again the canoes appeared, so great in number that the whole sea was black with them as far as Snorre's eyes could strain. He ran in terror to tell his father of their arrival, which he could only do by sobs and tears, and pointing his little finger to the shore.

"Go and see what is the matter, Thorfinn," said Mrs. Karlsefne. "May be a wild beast has wandered into our estate, and will eat up the cabbage. Go!"

Mr. Karlsefne hurried down to the shore, swallowing his dinner as he went, and there were the Skraelings (for that was the name of these people) putting up their poles as they had done before, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of Mr. Karlsefne and his men.

It seems that they had come on this occasion for purposes of trade, having provided themselves with all sorts of skins and beautiful furs. These they offered to exchange for red cloth, which they preferred above everything else, although they would have been glad to have purchased swords and spears. But Mr. Karlsefne prudently forbade this, thinking it unwise to place such weapons in

the hands of strangers, who might suddenly turn upon them, thus armed.

For a whole skin they would accept a piece of red cloth a span long, with which they adorned their heads, bursting into smiles and ejaculations of delight as they perceived their improved appearance. Thus they continued their traffic until Mr. Karlsefne's red cloth began to fall short, which caused great consternation among the Skraelings. He cut what he had left, however, into strips the width of his finger, and for these strips they did not hesitate to give as much as they had formerly done for a large piece. In fact, with its scarcity the demand for it increased, and Mr. Karlsefne was enabled to drive some very handsome bargains.

In the midst of these friendly operations one of Mr. Karlsefne's bulls rushed out of the woods one day and so frightened the Skraelings with its roaring, that they ran shrieking to their canoes and were not seen again for three whole weeks.

At the expiration of that time they reappeared in augmented numbers, howling and screaming, and with poles reversed.

"They are coming to fight!" cried Mr. Karlsefne, not without a thrill of joy, for he was a brave man, and his life had been rather too tranquil of late. So, seizing his red shield from the wall, he rallied his men, and proceeded with them toward the shore.

Mrs. Karlsefne, who was not so fond of fighting, though a courageous woman, caught Snorre in his arms and stood, trembling, in the doorway, for a terrible battle ensued. The Skraelings were armed with slings, from which they showered a volley of sharp, flat stones. But Mr. Karlsefne's men were in good trim for the struggle, and fought gallantly enough until something occurred which caused Mrs. Karlsefne's heart to stand still, and Snorre to lean forward with interest.

The Skraelings were raising an enormous blue ball on a pole. It was shaped like a bladder, and hovered for a moment heavily in the air, when, at the word of command, it fell with a frightful crash upon Mr. Karlsefne's men, who fled in a panic up the Taunton river until they came to some rocks.

Here they made a stout resistance against their pursuing foes, and afterward recorded on a surface of gray wacke the incidents of the encounter. On the right bank of the Taunton river, in Bristol county, Massachusetts, you may see the inscription to-day, together with the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Karlsefne, and Snorre, their son.

Although over-matched by the Skraelings, they fought desperately, and at last compelled the enemy to retire. They were thankful to have come off as well as they did; at the same time, their sense of security was disturbed. "We shall never take a minute's comfort again," said Mrs. Karlsefne that night, as she folded up Snorre's tunic, after having herself put him to bed with unusual tenderness. "For my part I am willing to go home any day you may set. I am sure we have gained very little except in experience, by our trip abroad. Europe may be out of date—I admit that it is old-fashioned—yet I believe we should have enjoyed ourselves more if we had done as other people do. I have often observed," and Mrs. Karlsefne paused, thoughtfully, in the removal of her gold-threaded mantle, "that what is universally popular has, generally, some grounds for being so."

"You were very anxious to come here, my dear," Mr. Karlsefne mildly reminded her, "and I have done everything in my power to make you enjoy the trip."

"O, yes," Mrs. Karlsefne sighed.

"And the scenery," continued her husband, "we certainly have nothing to equal it in Greenland. Look out, Mrs. K., and note those forests of timber, those skies and hills, those exquisite birds and flowers!"

"But the society," objected his wife. "You must acknowledge that is not such as we would wish Snorre to grow up in. Those Skraelings are horrid, dirty wretches, and for all we know, there are no better in the country. The blood of kings is in our son's veins, and he should have the advantages befitting his station in life. Besides, Snorre is now three years old, and we must soon turn our attention to his education. There are no priests here to teach him Latin, as there are in Greenland, and his mind will suffer."

It was far into the night before Mr. Karlsefne was permitted to go to sleep, and when, at last, Mrs. Karlsefne's entreaties to go back did cease, it was because her husband had reluctantly given his consent to bring it about. In due time, therefore, they returned to Greenland, where they were much sought for in social circles, because of the foreign scenery through which they had passed, and the advantages which they had derived from distant courts. Mrs. Karlsefne appeared in a mantle of beaverskin, and Snorre was attired in American otter. Strange to say, this good lady never mentioned the Skraelings, although she descended at large upon the productiveness of the

American continent, and the pastimes which lent such zest to existence there. Having thus acquired a taste for travel, they soon determined upon a trip to Norway, for a change, and it is said that no richer ship ever sailed from Greenland than that which Mr. Karlsefne steered.

All clad in scarlet cloth and golden ornaments, his fair hair tossing in the wind, stood Snorre, in the stern, making his blithe adieus to Greenland boys. He had seen stranger sights than he ever told of, and he was the little hero of his father's home.

Among other treasures in Mr. Karlsefne's possession was a wonderful house-vane, made of curled maple from Martha's Vineyard. It created an immense sensation in Norway, and many flattering proposals to sell it were suggested. But it was not until a half gold mark (about £16) was offered, that Mr. Karlsefne at last consented to part with it. From which we may learn that he had not made the acquaintance of those Yankee Skraelings in vain.

Having made a good voyage, the Karlsefnes passed the winter at Skagafjord, on the Northern coast of Norway, but in the spring Mr. Karlsefne bought for himself a place in Glaumbaeland, where he died, an eminent and successful man.

Mrs. Karlsefne continued to live in the same place, but when Snorre grew up and married the lady of his choice, his mother, ever distinguished for her superior judgment, left the young couple to their own society, and journeyed to Rome. There she was received by "the best people," who were entertained with accounts of her experiences in America.

Impressed by the Catholic religion, at that time so popular in Rome, Mrs. Karlsefne embraced the faith and returned to Norway, where she eventually died, a pious nun.

Snorre erected a church at Glaumbaeland, and became the ornament and benefactor of the community.

Among others of his illustrious descendants was Thorvaldsen, the Danish sculptor.

EMMA SHERWOOD CHESTER.

TRAUMBACH.

BY FREDERICK PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF ROSALIE."

The date upon the cross was 1779. I saw the date as I lay upon the green grass with my knapsack for a pillow.

I had been walking leisurely for many hours on a lonely path through an evergreen forest,

whose silence had been broken only by the occasional call of a thrush, a trembling cry as if the bird had some sense of the solemnity of the place. Deeper and deeper had grown the twilight of the wood, for the day was fast declining; and when I came out suddenly into an open space on the brow of a lofty hill, the west threw its scarlet and golden dust into my eyes, almost blinding me. Here the path struck again the main road. I saw in the depths of the valley below me a little cluster of red-roofed houses, and flowing from me down the slope was a long emerald stream of grass.

Hard by the roadside was a massive stone cross, one of the wayside shrines which abound in the Black Forest. As I was looking at the cross a low, monotonous, far-off murmur caught my ear; such as one hears in a shell with its soft echo of the sea. I could not determine at first from what direction the sound came, but as it grew louder and louder every moment, I presently perceived that its cause was upon the road in the wood. I waited in breathless curiosity, for I remembered that it was May 18, 1882, Ascension Day, and this must be a *Wahlfahrts-Procession* or *Bittgang*. When the fields are all green with grain, when the cherry trees have sent out their blossoms, when the tiny grapes have appeared on the vine—on Ascension Day—all the peasantry come together and march for miles and miles and miles around the fields and vineyards, through the dorfs and the valleys, praying for bounteous harvests and to be spared all mishap. Soon they came out of the forest, first the little children, then children a little older, then the young women and young men, then the middle aged, and then the old, old grandfathers and grandmothers—all with hands clasped over their rosaries, all murmuring their prayers in the strange monotone—two long lines, one on each side of the road, between which walked the carriers of banners, emblems, and symbols of the body of Christ, the church and the ascension. All were in Baden peasant costumes, the men in black with bright red vests, the women in black bodices, short waists like the old Grecian women, and long red or blue skirts. All were bare-headed. It was like a threnody to hear that inarticulate sad sound, the mingled small voices of the children, the fine voices of the women and the sonorous basses of the men—several thousand altogether. There was a priest with them, and when the procession had partly passed the wayside cross near which I sat upon the grass, the whole long line knelt down in the wood until the choir near the shrine

had chanted an anthem. I was thronged with a thousand ideas in a moment by a spectacle so new to me. All the old stories of the crusaders, the pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and those to Mecca arose in my mind as I gazed with wonder at this procession so novel, so unexpected, so religious, and at these peasants so simple, so unaffected, so touching in their devotion, so innocent and credulous in their prayers to a God who could give them abundant harvests, who could ward off the rain and the perilous hail, and keep away all evil assaults of man and weather. I could have believed myself among the Grecian shepherds, offering up with the farmers their sacrifices to Pan and Ceres, or in the midst of the days and people of Moses, of old Israel. This was almost primeval man, this was man, and I felt more a human creature at that moment than ever before; this was man who lives so infirm against the strong elements, helpless against nature and her laws, against fire and storm, against his own kind, against fate, yet beseeching the Power that made him, the creator of such great works and laws, to assist in need, to bless with plenteous food, and to shelter and protect from disaster. Ah! "we are as little children." Perhaps God is in that nebulous universe beyond the sword of Orion. The tears would come to my eyes, the tears of an emotion I could not restrain, seeing all this, and yet knowing that the prayers are in vain and the current of destiny takes irresistibly its way. Happy people that did not know!

While these thoughts were moving through my mind the procession had arisen and passed away, the undertone of the voices dying slowly into the valley whither it went.

The wheel of sunset had ceased to spin and shower its fiery sparks. There was only a broad red band upon the western sky. Long since had the lonely thrush become quiet. It was time for me, too, to seek a place of rest. I walked slowly down the road. Presently I heard the rush and tinkle of a brook in a neighboring copse. I knelt upon its bank to drink. The stars were mirrored in its sparkling eddies. Out of the gloom of the evergreens came a fragrance terebinthine and flowery. The rivulet scintillated in colors of topaz, pearl and tourmaline; and its sound was as if the wood-gnomes were everywhere along its course grinding their grain with their waterwheels.

Now, on reaching the dorf, I found that the only place for me to stay was at the house of the village officer; and I had come to stay two months in this unfrequented place. It was not long be-

fore I had learned to know its simple folk, people who looked upon me as from another star because I was an American, people who, in going to Baden-Baden, had the feeling of being great travelers; for indeed few of them could boast of ever having been so far.

How could I pass two months in such a quiet place? you ask. Has one not long wood-walks by day and by night, full of a glory that nature's lovers know? Question Thoreau. How many secrets have not the pines to entrust, and the mysterious stars, and that rustling happy brook! Did I not have books—Saadi, Lenau, Thoreau and Runeberg—a little of each in my knapsack? Could I not study these primeval fellow-men? Why, I seemed at times to be living fifty centuries ago. Then there was Adelheid—the strangest study of all. Beauty she had, but of no Gothic type, lovely dark hair, and brown mobile face; a face that lightened and darkened under the domination of a thousand impulses and emotions. As for her eyes, they were such as verse-makers and story-writers describe as fathomless, bottomless, lustrous, luminous. For my part, being neither poet nor novelist, but a student of anatomy, I could not speak of the eyes of any one in such terms. I am altogether too familiar with the practical beauty and structure of eyes to conceive of them as torches, wells, stars, etc. I see them in their orbits as two globular dark chambers, full for the most part of vitreous substance, each letting in the outside world through the round pupils, which are merely holes filled by the crystalline lens. Now it is the lens which is to me particularly beautiful—I mean when it is removed from the eye. It is like a drop of dew.

The irises of Adelheid were dark. There was something unusual about her eyes; and I thought of their anatomy when I looked at them. When she looked through them, she saw the outside world full of woods, green valleys, brooks and men and stars. But when I looked from the outside world through her eyes, I gazed into that dark inner chamber, into the penetralia of the temple of Calvary, the place of the skull, the abode of the brain, the domain of the soul. Looking there had a peculiar fascination for me, but it was a scientific fascination. I saw restless and formless shadows moving to and fro in the lightnings and glooms of that dark room. I thought I beheld on her soul's horizon clouds that were full of flashes, as if arising there were some ominous forerunners of a brain-storm. Ah! such storms as these are more terrible than heavenquake and earthquake.

As I grew familiar with the place and became in reality one of the villagers, I learned more of the history of Adelheid, more indeed, than she knew herself. She was twenty years old and had been born and brought up in Berlin. Only two years before she had come to the village to live with her uncle. She was accomplished in languages and music, and naturally was very different from those around her. What I learned was this: Her father had early in life left this obscure village, roamed the world over, amassed some money, married an Italian lady, settled in Berlin, and had eighteen years ago suffered capital punishment for—murder! Adelheid did not know this. This dark history of a brother was the cause of the somber cloud that seemed to hang over the life of her old uncle, my landlord. Her mother became insane about two and one-half years ago, and, immured in an asylum, died within a few months. This was also unknown to Adelheid. She was aware that her mother had been taken ill, had become delirious, and was taken to a hospital where she died; but that was all. Here was truly a rare psychological study for me. What, alas! must the two demons who ruled her life, crime and madness, bring to pass in it? What thoughts did they put into her soul? Surely something gloomy, sad, and mocking was hidden there. She was so very beautiful, made to love and be loved, should any worthy one ever find her in this secret valley. Might I not love her? Preposterous thought! I love? Ah, no, I have found how elusive is that glamour of love, and can see the iron destiny that lurks behind the amorous veil. Besides, no man has the right to link himself to any of the numerous progeny of crime and madness, beautiful, alluring and pitiable though some of them may be.

We were naturally brought into close relations, Adelheid and I, living as we did in the same house. We often read and talked together, sometimes walked together about the village; although she did this out of deference to me as a foreigner. Ere long I noticed a difficulty in evading those dark orbs of hers with their shadows of sorrow and gleams of joy. They became too often fixed upon me with a shade of tenderness I was loth to see. I felt then I must avoid her society as much as possible; yet the motions of her face, sprung from the emotions of her brain, still had their delightful and luring interest for me. Through all these happy weeks this ideal quiet and beatitude, were unbroken by any visitors from the outside world, save only at rare intervals by one or two

German students who would pass the night with us and in the early dawn press on to climb the lofty mountain near by, the Hornisgrunde, to see the sun rise. We always found room for them with us, for ours was the only house in the place that could afford them food and shelter. Thus time for me passed away like a dream, with talks and walks, my books, the pastime of observing the simple customs of the peasants of the village and the study of the strange girl—Adelheid. I was a second Rasselais in a happy valley! Only another week before I should go.

"You are to leave us soon, Herr Doctor?" asked the old uncle one evening; for he insisted upon calling me doctor although I was only a student.

"Yes, in a few days," I answered; "and for Paris."

It was a rainy evening and we were all indoors seated in the pleasant little sitting-room. When her uncle spoke, Adelheid dropped her head lower over her book. I saw the tears falling upon the pages and turned my eyes away. Suddenly she burst out laughing and then apologized to her startled uncle by saying she had read something funny in the book. I was startled, too, to see this change from tears to smiles. Her eyes met mine without a sign of sorrow; but my fancy was chilled to think it saw a sinister and mocking gleam within their depths. This conduct of hers continued until the eve of my departure. She was gay, buoyant and cheerful. Little philosopher, thought I, she has conquered the love that she had conceived for me, has buried it among the other little regrets of her life!

So at last I said good-night and good-by to Adelheid. She gave me her hand and said good-night with never so slight an accent upon the first word; then she glided off to her chamber.

The early morning should find me, perhaps before any were up, on my way to see the sunrise from the Hornisgrunde. The old uncle and I talked until nine o'clock over our pipes. At that hour two belated students made their appearance and arranged with my host to stay with him a week or two. Now, the room that had been mine contained two single beds, one of which had been only rarely used for some wandering student. To-night I insisted that they should take my room at once with its two beds, and as I was to be off by four o'clock in the morning I would sleep down stairs on the settee in the sitting-room. After demurring a little to this, such an arrangement was finally made, and we all retired. I had

not a little feeling of regret at my approaching departure. Who would not feel a twinge at leaving such trustful people and so enchanted a place? I began to doze off, hearing outside the murmur of the brook and the soft splash, as it seemed to me, of rain. Once I turned uneasily in my sleep, half wondering if I did not hear stealthy footsteps overhead, a sigh, the steps again, a closing door, a rustling of garments, and I muttered, "Poor Adelheid." But it was only the splash of the rain outside and the long arm of a fir that brushed my window-pane mysteriously in the night wind. Raining! There would be no mountain sunrise. No need to rise early! So I lapsed again into deeper slumber.

I remember once in a fever awaking at times from a light sleep with a cry of terror at the sight of a fiendish shape that entered my room, a man who would stand at the foot of my bed while his face would glide away from the body and move to and fro about the chamber. I remember on shipboard the terrible cry of fire that woke us out of dreams of home to a night of agony and fear. Some such horror as this roused our household out of peaceful slumber near the break of day, a shriek, a cry of murder from the room where slept the two students. We were all there in a moment, looking at each other and the dread spectacle with pale suspicious faces. The young man who occupied the bed which had been mine was dead and upon his breast was the red stain that told of sudden and unlooked-for death. The first shock being over, the old man gave a few directions and sent for help. On the ground out of doors, washed bright by the rain, was found a small Italian stiletto with a bronze handle, which had long lain on the bureau in Adelheid's room. Instantly Adelheid was missed. They sought her in her chamber but found her not. She, gone! What could it mean? My heart sank down like lead; the old man's breath came heavy, and over his face broke a light, a deep pallid light, as if the secret flashed up like a white bale-fire in his soul.

"She meant—to—kill—you," he said slowly, and fixed his eyes sorrowfully upon my face.

He sat still in his chair the whole day, muttering at times, "Madness, madness, it must be so!"

Late in the afternoon a messenger came from Mummelsee with a shawl of Adelheid's. It had been found close to the water's edge, and the flat-bottomed boat was lying oarless out in the little lake. The whole story was clear as day. The brain-storm had come at last, a hurricane that

swept every lofty thought, every hope, every moral attribute, and even love itself out of her mind; and the demons of crime and madness had driven her down into the dark night of the bottomless Mummelsee.

I went out of the desolate valley, where were formerly cheer and gladness. The evergreens had grown more somber; the wind swept through them like some lost, wailing spirit; over the rocks the rivulet sounded its endless monotone.

I climbed out of the mirthless valley, up the great back of the Hornisgrunde, whose summit is crowned with heather and a morass. Upon its other side I came to Mummelsee, and shuddered as I looked into its steadfastly calm crystalline depths, the strange little lake surrounded by thick firs and pines and lofty rocks, and in whose mysterious recesses hides the dread spirit that haunts and gives the place its name.

Paris once more! In her hospitals and laboratories, the work that draws the mind from immemorial things! As I think this the roar of the streets becomes strangely blended with wood-sounds and water-sounds, and I rub my eyes in a curious perplexity. I feel chilly. There is an odor around me, terebinthine and flowery; and in the brook near me are the gnomes gathering their pearls and jewels and grinding their grain with their water-wheels. Traumbach! Dream-book! Fool that I am! I have been sleeping here two hours under the pale light of the stars, and the water-nymphs have been turning over and over all the old ideas of my brain in a hopeless confusion by their whisperings in my ear.

Had I not been told to beware of drinking the water of Traumbach on Ascension Day, lest I should fall asleep and become the victim of some wicked dream?

As I walked down the hill toward the little village at ten o'clock rubbing my eyes, I thought of the causes of the dream. To be sure, there was that insane girl who killed her lover, with her long heredity, whom the professor lectured over at the Charité in Berlin! Her name was Adelheid—then my visit to Mummelsee and the Hornisgrunde and Paris last year—all mingled and distorted into the phantasmagoria of a dream-tragedy to the minutest detail.

Mine host of the Green Fir tavern laughed to hear the story of my delay when I woke him up to give me a glass of beer, some pempernickel, emmenthaler cheese and a bed, and retold it with great gusto to the villagers next day.

Elin, to whom I related my Ascension Day ad-

venture a few months later, made me write it out in the above form, and now tells me the story is quite pretty in parts, but decidedly cruel, yet believes it may have some interest to a few as bearing upon the causes of dreams, and as coming from a skeptical fatalist and practical man like myself.

DENMARK, FAIR MOTHER.

(IN MEMORY OF THE BATTLE OF FREDERITS.)

FROM THE DANISH, BY E.

Denmark, fair mother!
Ocean out risen,
Loveliest flow'r on
 Mermaiden's breast!
Pleasedly even
South-dwellers' eyes must
Gaze on thy fertile,
 Bright-smiling coast.

Denmark, fair mother!
Destinies friendly
Sang round thy cradle
 "Ever thou'l stand."
Seasons roll onward,—
Oceans flow onward,—
Flourish thou shalt, whil-t
 Waves wash thy strand!

Denmark, fair mother!
Aggression's hand shall
Wither as oft it
 Touches thy shore!
Soft through the greensward
Forming thy throne seat,—
Firm shalt thou stand till
 Time be no more!

CLOISTER DAYS.

MEMOIRS OF REV. ERIK L. PETERSON.

(Concluded from the November Number.)

IV.

One day, quite unexpectedly, I was visited by my old friend and patron, Don Ignazio de Borgazzis, wearing the costume of a French priest. I introduced my Swedish comrades to him, and in the course of our conversation he remarked there was no hope whatever that the clergy in Norway and Sweden, who utterly repudiated the Barnabites, should ever allow as many as five disciples of that order to return to said countries.

He at the same time expressed himself most indignantly upon the treatment we had received, declaring it a heartless procedure on the part of

both Mr. Stub and Mr. Moro to turn five poor fellows, who had confided in them, loose upon the world without any provision whatever for their future.

He also promised to use his best efforts to see me more decently quartered than in "that pigsty," as he termed our cloister. His visit procured me some little cheer and comfort. I was one day permitted to dine with him, and at his departure he left Christmas boxes for us all. He kept his promise, and some time in February I was transferred to the mission seminary of San Colocero at Milan, where Borgazzis had obtained a place for me. The priests, or rather teachers, of this old and renowned seminary were very able men, and to them I in a great measure am indebted for my theological education. Besides this, I had other reasons to be contented. I had a room to myself, cleanliness and order were all that could be wished, and so was the diet. The only thing that annoyed me was the almost oppressive stillness that ruled throughout the building. Never was a door slammed, and so softly and inaudibly did the singular inmates move around that one often had them behind or beside him without in the least suspecting it. They had a close eye upon the books the students selected in the library, and they watched and scanned the faculties, dispositions and habits of the students, politely but peremptorily dismissing such as were found wanting in ability.

I at last had my suspicions verified—the men I lived with were Jesuits, and my patron Borgazzis belonged to the same order. San Colocero was particularly designed for the education of missionaries for India and China. To go to these countries could never occur to me, and I therefore soon began to think, not without fears, on my future. Not long after it happened that Wilhelm Reitzewsky and Wilhelm Qualelach came to tell me with beaming faces that Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, on his return from Rome, had come to the cloister, accepted them as aspirants to priesthood, and in a few days would take them with him when returning to America. Adolf Genken had, I was told at the same time, decided to enter the order of the Barnabites. Carl Svendsen and myself were then the only ones left unprovided for.

Not disposed to bind myself by vows that would forever exclude me from my fatherland, and, on the other hand, not wishing to renounce my plans for a life in the service of the church, I concluded to lay my case before the principal of the semi-

nary, Signor Marinoni. Thanking me for my candor, this worthy man said that in view of my ability and the talents I had given proof of, he considered himself morally bound to help me; he would try to get me a place in the College Brig-
nole Sale, at Genoa, an institution where missionaries for America were educated—the far-off continent where my Scandinavian nationality might serve to help me further on.

I then went to Genoa. Instead, however, of relating events from my stay there, I shall only state that in 1872 I, by the Archbishop of Genoa, was ordained a sub-deacon and deacon, whereupon in the same year, through the efforts of my old friend, Wilhelm Reitzewsky, I was enabled to go to America. St. Paul, Minnesota, where Bishop L. Grace resided, was a place where thousands of my countrymen had settled; among them, so I had been told, was a movement on foot toward Catholicism, and Catholic priests of Scandinavian nationality were all that was needed to lead said movement.

Such were the reports which had induced me to go to America, and to St. Paul in particular. Having arrived there I soon found out, to my greatest dismay, that the idea of a tendency among the Norwegians toward Catholicism was a mere phantom arising from a misunderstanding of the actual state of things. The facts were: In the course of dissensions among the Scandinavian Lutherans in America, the "Synod" had repeatedly been charged with Catholic sympathies—a suspicion which said "Synod" through its efforts in favor of "secret confessions," "secret conferences," etc., had itself corroborated, and in this way the Catholics had very naturally been led to look upon the Synod as a connecting link between their church and the Lutherans.

I was not long in finding out the mistake, and it was this discovery that perfectly dismayed me.

In the meantime, I, on the 21st of December, 1872, had been ordained a priest by Bishop Th. L. Grace, in the cathedral at St. Paul.

And herewith I conclude the memoirs of my "Cloister Days."

FROM A LETTER TO SCANDINAVIA.

MR. EDITOR:

But there is one point which the gentlemen who have undertaken to keep your readers posted about Scandinavian literature either neglect or

misunderstand. I refer to the female authors of to day.

With a few exceptions, all lady-writers of the previous age confined themselves to the purely esthetical side of the work, and seldom entered upon a discussion of any definite social or moral problem. Mrs. Gyllembourg published her novels anonymously, and for a long time they were ascribed to some male author. Mrs. Lenn-
grens used her wit against the idea of woman's emancipation. Fredrika Bremer lost her popularity when, after her visit to the United States, she ceased to write merely entertaining family stories and published a social novel demanding higher development and greater freedom for her sex. When she died, ten years later on, she had, however, her reward for the loss of old friends and admirers, for she saw that most of the reforms against which such a cry had been raised were actually in process of introduction. And now the whole woman's question has fairly burnt through the narrow limits within which it was formerly pent up. A new interest in the peculiarities of female individuality has been awakened. People want to know what is nature in woman, such as she is, and what is merely product of education and circumstances. And it is held—justly, I should say—that women are themselves most competent to answer those questions. At all events, our lady-writers are in perfect accord with their readers when they have taken up the subject as specially theirs and boldly attacked the problem.

The most important contributions have probably come from Mrs. Edgren. In a little sketch—for *Pastoratet*—she has given an excellent picture of the old maid with all the fair possibilities life has killed, and all the trist singularities it has created. In *Sanna Karmor* she has thrown a sharp light around a certain female type which is only too common: women who attract men with the very weakness and pliancy of their individuality and hold them with an illusive gleam of ideal purity and faith, but who, when actually put to the test, never fail to drag their husbands downward. A still more interesting subject she has treated in *Kvinlighet och Erotik*, and if the solution perhaps may be found less satisfactory, it must be acknowledged that the problem is more difficult. Generally speaking, it may be said without any stringent qualification that her representations of female characters have been accepted as true by her female readers,—and they are, I suppose, competent to judge. But thus, it seems to me to be in a high degree misleading, when

SCANDINAVIA has given only one article on this author, "Truth and Slander in Fiction," March, 1884, by Dr. Tilbury, and that only a piece of persiflage. The article may be witty. It may touch a sore point. But it certainly gives a very wrong idea of the greatest authoress in present Scandinavian literature.

Still worse, the same critic has treated a recently published book by another lady-writer: "Constance Ring," by Mrs. Amalia Skram. In defense of this book I cannot point to an unqualified applause of its female readers. Probably most of them have experienced an unpleasant feeling at its perusal, so despairingly dark is its view of the world and of the male half of mankind. But the principal question about a book is not whether it is agreeable, not even whether it is fastidiously proper, but whether it has anything to say; and here I think that Dr. Tilbury might find in Constance Ring a good deal of that which, not altogether unjustly, he missed in Aurora Bunge: psychology. There is something to learn from the book. Most of us have met such women as Constance, met them and judged them, without realizing the circumstances which have made them what they are. But the book shows us how that education which is based on Rousseau's famous proposition, that woman is created to please man, and which still is the miserable lot of a multitude of women, prevents them from feeling happy unless among a herd of admirers, nay, from breathing freely except in an atmosphere of adulation and flirtation. It is this education—by itself the worst enemy of true feminine purity—which produces women like Constance Ring, and that is the burden of the book.

The Doctor further says, that the novel is entirely destitute of talent. I don't propose to vindicate for myself the right of a verdict in a purely esthetical question. But I cannot understand how a book can have been written without talent, when even in readers who have read it with dislike, it proves able to awaken a host of serious ideas. Or, take for instance the whole picture of Constance's first marriage, a marriage between a rude, sensual man and an undeveloped, coquettish, and egotistic girl, a marriage begun without love, and consequently ending with the demoralization of both parties. Could a writer without talent give such a picture that intense impression of reality, which it has in the book? The difference between the elder and younger generations is also nicely caught and well represented in the conflict between Constance on the one side, and, on the

other, her mother, her aunts, the minister, etc., all those well-meaning but short-sighted friends who always press her back into the matrimonial misery whenever she tries to free herself from it. And, finally, the chapter on Constance's widowhood? Is that also written without talent? As she sits there, stupid, lost in utter indifference, holding for hours the same stocking in her hand without power to rouse herself so far as to begin mending it; as she walks along there, so cowardly and irresolute that, when she suddenly becomes poor, she has not the courage either to work or to die, but considers it a less evil to enter into a new marriage, though, in her heart, she knows that to be a gross immorality—is that not a striking picture of a woman whom a neglected or mistaken education has left without any feeling of independence and responsibility, simply thrusting her out in the world, a game for chance, a prey for men?

It is true what a Norwegian critic has said about "Constance Ring," that it is a book which has its faults, and that it is easy to point them out. But let us not for their sake overlook the eminent usefulness of a book so honest and so courageous.

KIRSTINE FREDERIKSEN.

NEW BOOKS.

"NYT TIDSSKRIFT," edited by I. E. Sars and Olaf Skavlan, Christiania, is certainly one of the ablest magazines ever published in any of the Scandinavian languages. Nevertheless, every now and then, and more especially in its literary department, it causes surprise by the utter unripeness of the views which it admits to its pages. Thus, its last number brings an article by Mr. Alfred Eriksen: *Sammensatte Ord hos Ibsen*, which comes upon the reader rather a little unexpectedly. It is not only crude; it is misleading.

The writer begins with the remark that one of the most conspicuous features of Henrik Ibsen's style is the frequency with which he uses compound words, the audacity with which he forms them, and the adroitness with which, in this simple way, he often creates powerful and noble expressions out of very common materials. By itself the remark is true, though it needs some modifications. It is applicable principally to Henrik Ibsen's verse, and only in a much smaller degree to his prose, a circumstance which may have a meaning. It is striking only with respect to Henrik Ibsen's earlier work, and not with respect to his later, a circum-

stance which may also have a meaning. Nevertheless, in spite of these and other more or less necessary modifications, the fact remains that Henrik Ibsen uses compound words very frequently, very boldly, and often very successfully. But our complaint is that Mr. Alfred Eriksen has handled this fact without due competency.

Of the examples he gives the best ones are not made by Henrik Ibsen: *Lang-syn, Fuglefri, Tanke-hvas, Skjön-heds-fattig*. Of those which bear Henrik Ibsen's mark, and, no doubt, are his work, many are very good: *Blad-tog, Glemselgang, tanke-gröde, tanke-barn* (which, however, does not mean *Yndlings-tanke*, but something more and something else), *Halvheds-fusk* (where, however, *Fusk* would be enough). But many more are of a very doubtful character. *Löve-vildt* sounds like whipping the ocean, for though the lion certainly is a wild animal, the lion is not characterized by its wildness, and does not stand so in the imagination of mankind; Jonas Lie has *Oerne-vildt*, which is better though not good. *Is-tapkold* is unspeakable on account of its awkwardness. *Sværdtom Slire* is a pleonasm, as would be a *Pengetom Pengepung, Tanke-favn* (used of the forehead), *Sjæls-knoklerne*, etc., are affected. A thorough sifting, not only of Mr. Alfred Eriksen's examples, but generally of Henrik Ibsen's compound words, would show that in spite of its many successes such a practice could not have been tolerated except in a literature whose style and language are still somewhat unsettled with respect even to their most elementary forms; and the only inference drawn from such a fact should be a warning against following the track.

Mr. Alfred Eriksen, however, encourages his readers to exercise their imagination most industriously in order to outdo Henrik Ibsen himself, and we understand very well how he has happened to place himself in such a desperate plight. He belongs to that kind of linguists who still have time for idle dreams. He proposes to substitute *Raaheds-kavet* for *Materialisme*, *Jordtræl* for *Materialist*, *Jord-bunden* for *Materialistisk*, *Sol-elskende* for *Optimistisk*, etc. It may be hoped that he some day will come to see that it is not only convenient, but necessary, that such words as materialism, optimism, etc., shall be the same in all languages; that at present every civilized language is laboring consciously, and often with great sacrifice, to achieve such a uniformity; that a language which spends its energy on drawing such flowers from its own roots is not only doing a useless and wasteful work, but something worse, etc.;

but we think that *Nyt Tidsskrift* ought to have kept him on its shelves until he had learned it.

"*Fjeld-Sange og Æventyr*," by Holger Drachmann, Copenhagen, is the title of the last book by that writer which we have received, but as the book is more than two months old it is probably not the last he has written. It numbers 205 pages and weighs 1 lb. $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. It contains a few poems (38 pages), which we shall not speak of, and a kind of fairy-comedy, *Der var engang* ("Once upon a time"), which is worth reading.

The idea is good—good because it evidently suits the poet's talent. The story is that old, well-known and well-worn one about a princess who, in spite of her awful beauty and still more awful virtue, by her very haughtiness and loftiness is led into some slight indiscretion, becomes disgraced, and is compelled to marry a gypsy boy. She has to go through innumerable tribulations, but she stands the test admirably. She comes to love her husband; her love makes her almost perfect, and then she discovers that he was only smeared with gypsy in his face—in reality he is a true prince. *Snip, snap, snude*, etc. This story Mr. Holger Drachmann sets before the readers in seven dramatic tableaux, without pretending to make it new or deep, or anything of that kind, simply because he likes to do it so, or, perhaps, in order to entertain his children. He makes no attempt at character-drawing. Nevertheless, all the tableaux are full of striking gleams of human nature, sometimes satirical, sometimes of a broad drollery, and sometimes of exquisite feeling. Nor does he make any attempt to fix time and place. And yet some of the tableaux are very rich in color and life; the first, the princess bored by her suitors and avenging herself on the courtiers; the second, the princess playing in the garden with her maids and giving the gypsy boy a kiss across the fence in payment for a white mouse; the sixth, the kitchen of the royal castle, while all the girls are being measured for the bridal dress, etc. The least impressive of all the tableaux, the market-scene, is that for which the poet has had the richest and readiest materials, a circumstance which is not without significance. For throughout the whole work the execution is every now and then marred by that lack of self-concentration which may transform a felicitous inspiration into a common-place trifle, that lack of attention and care which now actually threatens to make Mr. Holger Drachmann a rhymester of a very indifferent description. Of the songs strewn all over the play two are good. This one:

Den förste Gang du jeg stod Brud,
Fedlen ud
Jeg var saa skær og fin af Hud.
Fedlen ud, og Fedlen da, og Fedlen mens vi danser.

And this one:

Min Fader var fra Flandrens Ry, fra Flanderen var min
Broder,
Men jeg har lært i Spanjeland at danse hos min Moder.
Træd let paa grønne Vold, træd let, I Piger.

But the rest are flat, meter without rhythm, phrases without meaning; and so are generally the verses in which the prince speaks in the first tableau; in one place he even speaks of his own knees as "hinges," which need be "oiled with strong volition," but that is perhaps a slip of the setter.

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"UTOPIER," by August Strindberg, Stockholm. The volume (269 pages) contains four stories or short novels. The first: "Nybyggnad" (Pioneering), describes the leap from the old life which we all know, into the new life in which marriage, individual property, etc., are abolished as institutions. A young girl studies medicine in Zurich. But life at the university is really as unfree to her and a good deal more vexatious than it would be in the kitchen or the nursery. She carries through, however, her original plan, and after finishing her studies, she settles as a physician in Geneva and begins practicing. But bad becomes only worse, and she finds herself completely enslaved, degraded, and ousted by the free competition, on which modern life rests as on its principle. She then enters a great socialistic or communistic establishment in France, and there she feels saved. The second: "Återfall" (Relapse) takes a further step onward and gives an exposition of the new life itself. A family of Russian refugees has settled in Switzerland and tries to realize within its own circle, the ideas of the new life. That cannot be done, however, without frequent relapses into the instincts and habits of the old life, but, with a little reciprocal forbearance and a little individual resignation, the new ideas prove themselves able to work out a noble, harmonious and happy human existence. The two last stories: "Öfver Molnen" (Above the Clouds) and "Samvetsqual" (Conscience-Stricken) treat of phenomena of the old life which, on account of their inner hollowness, absurdity and cruelty, cannot fail to end in despair and desolation. In the former, two celebrated and successful French writers meet at death's door. They have been bitter rivals. They have hated each other and

they have spent the best part of their power in persecuting each other. And with what result? New successes have entirely blotted out every trace of what they once achieved. Their celebrity has gone long ago. Their names are completely forgotten; and here they stand, exhausted, gasping for one more breath of air, at death's door, with absolutely nothing to show for a life spent in furious exertions. The whole was vanity. In the latter a young Prussian officer who, during the Franco-German war, has opportunity to study the question of war with the arguments spread before his eyes, becomes insane when he has to order the execution of three *franc-tireurs*, and is restored to mental health only by expatriating himself and laying out a plan of life in which war stands not only condemned but cursed.

At their first meeting, of which he gave a very clever sketch in some Swedish papers, Mr. Strindberg said to Björnstjerne Björnson, that "poetry," in all its forms, from the novel to the tragedy, had completely outlived itself, in modern civilization, completely lost its office and consequently its right, and that the newspaper with its leaders and reports was going to occupy this whole field alone —to which Björnson gave a very brusque answer. Exactly the same ideas he sets forth in the third story of the present volume, with great bitterness but also with considerable strength, and at various other points he indulges in savage flings at the "beautiful," so far as it is the product of art. Whether he is right or wrong in these startling propositions, we shall not undertake to decide. But it is evident that any mixing up of the apparatus of fiction with the positive process of the leader and the report must be mischievous, and all the four stories of "Utopier" actually suffer, more or less, from this mistake. August Strindberg is a true poet. His psychology rests on perfect intuition (*vide* the drawing of the insanity of the Prussian lieutenant). His descriptions are striking and charming, not only that of the huge Alpine project, but also that of the little garden behind the cottage. He is also a brilliant journalist. He has passion, knowledge, style, etc. Only, as a journalist, he is not always clear. He will too much; he will too many things at a time. Attacking nine hostile positions in nine lines he forgets to mark his own in the tenth, and the reader is bewildered (*vide* the preface to "Utopier"). As a poet he sometimes disturbs the effect in the same manner. The narrative stops. The picture breaks. And through the fissure the author begins to preach, or argue, or scold. But the contin-

uance of the impressions, its homogeneity, on which its power chiefly depends is interrupted and sometimes it becomes actually harassing to run perpetually in this way from the first story to the second and back again.

* *

The attention of Scandinavian ladies in America is called to a small paper that will prove of great interest to them on whatever side of the question of woman's rights they are. Its chief merit is that it is so thoroughly in earnest. The forum for discussion of women's rights in Denmark is no longer the more or less frivolous novel. "Kvinden og Samfundet" welcomes everyone who has something to say on the question. Rev. Pastor Hostrup, in a lecture on "The Christian Idea of Woman's Enfranchisement," refuses to decide that question through bible quotations. He thinks that women until now have suffered greatly through misinterpretation of bible words. In Genesis woman is spoken of as a helpmeet for man, a helpmeet for eternity, and Adam recognized her as his equal. It is not until after the fall that her subjection is predicted—a prediction made a fact in the legislation of Moses. Truth is truth, always the same, but the trouble is that only part of the truth was revealed to the people then. As a people progresses, grows up to justice, their laws must follow suit. Our Savior was born, man and woman were equals to him, men and women listened to him, followed him, and when he rose he manifested himself first to a woman. That the apostles were men only proves that they then were more apt to carry the gospel to the world. It certainly is one of the problems of Christianity to redress old injustice in the community, and consequently, to bring back the equality of man and wife. Did not St. Paul put forth this part of the programme when he wrote, in the letter to the Galatians, that in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, for "ye are all one in Jesus Christ." In a Christian congregation there ought not to be any distinction between men and women, neither in the home nor in the greater community. "Let women take up any work they are qualified for and be welcome; it will be best not only for those who have been wronged, but for those also who have wronged them. Still he thinks that only a small portion of the women of to-day will take part in public life on account of want of natural qualifications or because they can not be spared at home.

Mrs. Astrid Stampe Feddersen beseeches the Danish women to study the Danish family law as one way of becoming interested in the matter. No true woman can read it without indignation. Quoting an English author, she denies the happy women whose husbands are liberal the right to be contented. It is their bounden duty to advocate the interests of their less happy sisters, who are not able to move without divulging the calamity of their homelife. She makes the happy women responsible for the wrongdoings of the mass, and ridicules the women who 'stoop to conquer,' getting 'their own way,' through a petty managing, always degrading to both parties." Still she wants the women to bear in mind that the present laws have not been written by this generation of men so as to avoid all bitter feeling in the question.

Miss Kirstine Frederiksen, who seems to take great interest in the cosmopolitan side of the question as well, gives a report on the social state of women in America, the most advanced in this respect, and in Spain, the most conservative.

Miss Foster, an American lady visiting Berlin, describes a protest-meeting of women working in factories, called by Mrs. Guillaume Schack. Her address was short, simple, and to the point, directed against a law proposed in the German Reichstag to restrict the daily working hours of women. The women flocked around her to urge the address, and eagerly asked her to lecture to them again. "It is more than doubtful if this address to an assembly of men will be of any avail, but the feeling of 'brotherhood' fostered by these meetings is of great importance—it educates the women to recognize the importance of being represented."

It will take too much space to give an account of all the matters of interest, still a few words may be said on a discussion opened by Mrs. Johanne Meyer, who speaks of "hired girls" in connection with "women's rights," recommends the mistresses to give them more time for their own, from six to seven o'clock every evening, for instance, so as to enable them to attend evening schools if they themselves will not let them partake of some instruction with the children. Kristiane Iversen takes up the question with enthusiasm, perfectly agrees with Mrs. Meyer, discusses the question in a practical way, and points out several necessary reforms. Limited work, perfect independence outside the regular hours. She recommends the hired girl to live at home and do housework for other homes, a form of service often preferred here in America by

mothers who hate to have their daughters "work out." Paragraph 24 in the Danish law on the regulation of servants' work must be reformed. This paragraph forbids a servant to leave the house at any time without permission, and forbids her to attend to her own affairs while marketing, etc. She hopes by these arrangements to reach a kind of approximate independence that will elevate the position and possibly induce the so-called better classes not to shun that kind of work for their children. When such a question is raised at home, America is always referred to as the promised land, and it is for the young and strong. They command higher wages; from \$3 to \$5 a week, and a great deal more independence here than abroad. The subscription to the magazine is very low, 1 krone 25 øre a year for ten numbers, something like 50 cents a year with the postage added. The editor's address is Miss Elisabeth Grundtvig, Vestervold 89, Copenhagen, Denmark.

DR. C. ROSENBERG.

On the 3d of December, Carl Rosenberg, professor, "Docent," in Danish literature at the University of Copenhagen, died at the age of 57 years. He was one of the most warm-hearted, unselfish and patriotic men who ever lived. The writer of these lines was first brought in connection with Rosenberg through a prominent Polish refugee, who during and after the Polish insurrection of 1863 visited the Scandinavian countries. Rosenberg was one of the enthusiasts for suppressed Poland. It was, however, specially the idea of a Scandinavian union he served. Although he at that time did not occupy any prominent position, he was in nearly all Scandinavian matters the prime motor: in the arrangement of a common industrial exposition, in the formation of Scandinavian "Nationalforeninger" in all three kingdoms, in the proposal of a real union brought down to the Danish premier, Bishop Monrad, by von Qvanten, the secretary of King Charles, during the Danish-German war, even at such an event as the marriage between Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark, and Princess Louise of Sweden-Norway. It was before this last practical adoption of the Scandinavian idea by the royal family that he, as an oppositional agitator, was dismissed from his place as a clerk in the department of culte. Rosenberg wrote once a pamphlet containing an elaborate proposal of a Scandinavian union with a

common parliament in Gothenburg. The proposed constitution was supposed in its main points to be the work of Baron L. de Geer, for years premier in Sweden. Although democrat and radical liberal, Rosenberg later turned against the popular movement; he would not allow the people to be happy in their own manner and especially not to refuse money for military armament. Although a great hater of Germany, he followed too much the German national military ideal of a state. During the later years he turned more from journalism to higher literary work, and was at last appointed lecturer at the University. Early he wrote for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, a book about the old French poem of Roland. At the time of his death he was editing a work treating of the intellectual life in Scandinavia, "Nordboernes Aandsliv." From his deathbed he sent his best wishes to the publisher of SCANDINAVIA.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE BIBLE has been translated into Lappish by Lars I. Hatton.

JOHN M. STAFF, of Akershus, is the first workingman represented in the Norwegian Storthing.

IN NORWAY, royal commissions are about to prepare a new criminal code and provide for reform in the rate of fees.

THE UNION between Sweden and Norway is at present an object for continued attack by the Swedish conservative papers.

PROFESSOR HELLQVIST, the Swedish historical painter, has been appointed professor at the Royal Academy of Berlin.

THE GOLD RESERVE of the Bank of Norway, has from October 1, 1884, to October 1, 1885, decreased from more than 35,000,000 to less than 28,000,000 crowns.

MRS. K. S. ADLERSPARRE *nee* Lejonhufoud, will begin, at Stockholm, the publication of a periodical called the "Dagny." The Fredrika Bremer Publishing Association will be the publishers.

A LADIES' society has been formed at Christiania for the promotion of woman suffrage. Viggo Ullmann, a recently elected member of the Storthing, will bring in an adequate bill to the Storthing.

RECENT STATISTICS regarding the number of travelers in Norway in 1884 show a number of about 10,000, of which Swedes, Englishmen and Germans are each more than 2,000, and Americans and Danes more than 700.

A STUDENT, Lovén, who recently died in Stockholm, has willed his fortune, 200,000 crowns, to the furtherance of social reforms, to be disposed of by a committee composed of Prof. Sophie Kowalewski, Mrs. Edgren, Dr. Leffler and Prof. Key and Davidson.

MR. RICHTER, who has several times intended to return as consul-general to London, has now decided to remain in the Norwegian cabinet. It was as his successor that Mr. Steen was expected to enter the cabinet.

MR. ESTRUP, the present conservative Danish premier, is a descendant of the daughters of Hans Taysen, the foremost Danish Church reformer, and of Anders Sørensen Vedel, one of the oldest authors of the Danish language.

AMONG the lately-elected members of the Norwegian Storthing are the former ministers Holmboe and Helliesen. It is doubtful whether the Storthing will ratify their election after the judgment of the "Rigsret." Helliesen, after his dismissal, visited the United States.

E. VON VEGESACH, Major-General in the Swedish army, has recently, at an anniversary of his appointment, been remembered as the brave commander who with the flag in his hand, led his regiment at the storming of the confederate position at Antietam in the American war of the rebellion.

THE census of 1880 shows that in Sweden two-thirds of the people, or 67 per cent, are occupied in agriculture; 18 per cent in manufacture; 7 per cent in commerce, and 6 per cent in administering the government or in national defense; while 1 per cent is engaged in the work of popular instruction.

THE mortgage bank of Norway has, through "Landmandsbanken," of Copenhagen and Behrens Söhne of Hamburg, arranged a loan of 28,000,000 crowns at 4 per cent, 24,000,000 of which are for the refunding of its old 4½ per cent bonds. This is a new testimony of the high credit of the Scandinavian countries.

THE emigration from Sweden is reported by the Swedish papers for the first six months of 1885 to be nearly 10,000, against 18,000 in 1884, 20,000 in 1883, and 36,000 in 1882. This falling off in emigration is mainly owing to the decrease of wages in the United States. The above figures are, however, probably incorrect.

THE Danish expedition to Western Greenland investigated in the Fjord of Good Hope, "Godthaabsfjorden," the numerous remains of buildings from the period of the old Norsemen. They are in that part of the country, "Vesterbygden," very insignificant, and show that their occupants led a very primitive and rather uncivilized life.

THE late controversy between the Norwegian students' Union and Henrik Ibsen has occasioned the formation of a new radical association, with Professor E. Sars as president. The old students' union has instead of Professor Dietrichson, elected Professor Yngvar Nielsen as president. Sars and Nielsen are both professors in history but of opposite political opinions.

THE Icelandic Society of Copenhagen, "Jslendinga fjélag," was on a recent evening visited by the Swedish author Bååth, known for his introduction of Icelandic literature into Sweden. On another evening the society had occasion to offer their homage to Prof. R. B. Anderson, the American minister to Copenhagen, and a well-known Icelandic scholar.

THE final result of the recent elections to the Norwegian Storthing has been 82 members of the Left, or the party of

the present cabinet, and 31 of the Right, against respectively 81 and 32 in the last Storthing. The oldest member is the parsimonious peasant representative from the Vesterland, Jaabæk, born in 1814, and a continuous member since 1845. Thirty representatives are new members.

FROM Greenland come numerous complaints against the American fishing ships, mostly from Gloucester, stating that their crews demoralize the population. The Danish ship *Fylle* was for this reason dispatched to Greenland in 1884. It is now recommended that a ship be permanently stationed on the coast for the purpose of controlling the Americans in communication with the Greenlanders.

FOUR years ago a number of Danish clergymen received from the minister of Cult, Mr. Scavenius, a severe reprimand because they, his subordinates, petitioned the parliament regarding church reform. When some of them, Messrs. Birkedal, Rönne and others, sharply answered, reserving their rights as citizens, they were indicted by order of the minister. The Supreme Court recently, as did the Court of Deans, "Provstretten," acquitted them.

JUNGGREEN, the representative of Northern Sleswick in the German parliament, used the occasion of a vote of military expenses, on the 29th of November, to declare against the German military system. This egotistic and narrow-minded system of the last century did not respect the rights and interests of the people. It had, without asking the people, abrogated the paragraphs in the treaty of peace at Prague, which gave the people in Northern Sleswick the right to vote whether they wanted to be Germans or Danes. This same system was the real cause of the unsettled political and economical situation of the whole European continent.

THE finance committee of the Riksdag proposes to restrain the right of issue of the Swedish private banks (*enskilda banker*) to 50,000,000 crowns and not to stop their issuance of 10-crown notes. O. A. Wallenberg recommends that they be discontinued after the close of 1887. As previously mentioned in this review, the note-issuing banks of Sweden is one of the most admirable institutions of the country. Their right to issue notes, and especially small notes, induces them to establish numerous branches throughout the country similar to the banks of Scotland. Their organization has some similarity to that of the American national banks, but is in several ways superior to these.

IN the last number of *Kvinden og Samfundet*, "Woman and Society," Mrs. A. Stampe Feddersen sums up the facts and propositions given on the question of servant girls in a concentrated, clear way. She goes directly to the point, taking up both sides of the question: "The time may come when the able, educated girl will naturally become a member of the family circle." "We must not make haste." In America, even with high wages, intelligent girls prefer employment as clerks to working in private families; and many families prefer doing the housework themselves, daughters, cousins and aunts—and we are sorry to say grandmothers—coming in for a part of the work. The husbands, too, have to do their share until the sons are large enough to lend a hand. This will take still larger proportions when Scandinavian and German girls, finding homes and high wages in their own country, will not have to emigrate.

THE commerce of Norway for 1884 shows, as must be the case in a country which earns money by navigation and active commerce, the usual excess of imports over exports: 159,000,000 against 112,000,000 crowns. Of the imports 32,000,000 crowns are in grain and flour, 28,000,000 in dry goods, 17,000,000 in groceries) and the same in metals, 12,000,000 in produce (10,000,000 of which was in butter). Also margarine is a growing article of export and aggregates 2,500,000 crowns. Of the exports, lumber and wooden wares represent 40,000,000 crowns, and fish another 40,000,000 crowns. Among wooden wares, pulp for the paper manufacturers aggregates nearly 5,000,000 crowns, and matches 1,500,000 crowns. Half of the traffic goes through Christiania and one-sixth through Bergen. As in the other Scandinavian countries, the most considerable part of the imports comes over Germany, largely through Hamburg, 28,000,000 crowns, against 26,000,000 from Great Britain; while Great Britain takes 33,000,000 and Germany merely 14,000,000 of the exports. Sweden imports to Norway are upwards of 17,000,000, and takes of her exports 11,000,000. Of the 18,000,000 crowns of import duty, sugar pays 5,000,000; coffee, 3,000,000; dry goods, 2,000,000; tobacco, 2,000,000, and kerosene, 1,000,000. Other considerable but more objectionable articles are grain and salt. The whole commercial interest of Norway is, like that of the other two Scandinavian countries, most closely connected with the commerce of England.

HENRIK IBSEN AND THE STUDENTS.

Henrik Ibsen's visit to Norway this summer—the first after many years' sojourn in foreign parts—ended with an altercation between Ibsen and the students in Christiania which is very characteristic. The students proposed to serenade the poet, but he declined the honor. In his answer to the President of the students' association, Professor L. Dietrichson, Henrik Ibsen gave various polite reasons for his refusal, but in the course of the conversation he took opportunity to state, in a friendly and humorous way, that there was one special reason which, even under the most favorable circumstances, would have prevented his acceptance. The Norwegian students seem now to play a part in Christiania, somewhat similar to that which the Danish students played in Copenhagen thirty years ago. Buds of the old bureaucracy, they are planted at the national university to sprout into a new bureaucracy, and this process they seem to go through with becoming elegance and superior unconcern. But bureaucracy, in whichever state of its development, is a nause to Henrik Ibsen, and he plainly told the President of the association that, on the eve of his return to foreign countries, a serenade by the students would sound to his ear like a hymn of exultation over his going away. On the lips, however, of the President, when making his report to the association, this answer, which undeniably contains a rebuke, but which as undeniably administers some rebuke in a way to avoid all sensation, not to speak of scandal, came to read very differently. Mr. L. Dietrichson is a curious personage. He is remarkable only on account of his pretensions, and his pretensions are only those of the flying-fish. Truly and naturally he is a fish; no connoisseur has ever doubted that. But, being unfit for eating, nature has compensated

for this fault of his existence by giving him just so much of the wings of a bird as is necessary to make him a suitable overseer of a bureaucratic hot-bed. He is deeply versed in all the finesse of the bureaucracy, and in his report to the association of the answer of Henrik Ibsen, he promptly suppressed every trace of the rebuke and adroitly added to its politeness a little of that "heartfelt recognition," "deeply moved," etc., etc., which is so dear to the heart of every true bureaucrat, and so natural. Henrik Ibsen, however, having heard something about this delicate manipulation of his answer, authorized a younger member of the association, an acquaintance of his, to state the plain truth at a meeting of the association, and state it plainly. This was done. In the first moment of surprise and excitement, Mr. Dietrichson telegraphed to Henrik Ibsen, who in the meantime had gone to Copenhagen. But he received back a very blunt and entirely unequivocal answer—a thunderbolt is not more unequivocal. Mr. Dietrichson then sat down and prepared an elaborate review of the whole affair, highly ornamented with flourishes of indignation at the behavior of the poet which, with his usual mastership of psychological analysis, he describes as moral weakness, driven to bay and committing itself to insult. This review was adopted by a large majority of the students' association as representing their own opinion of the matter, and it has been published in various Norwegian papers. It is an exceedingly curious document. Mr. L. Dietrichson has here really outdone himself in the line of curiosity. The amount of becoming elegance, *alias* sonorous nonsense, which is heaped up in those pages, is simply immense, and its superior unconcern, that is, the audacity with which it distorts the plainest truth into a most disgusting affectation, is truly amazing. But it has a historical value, what none of Mr. L. Dietrichson's other writings have ever aspired to before. With that document of four fat pages in one hand and Henrik Ibsen's telegram of four lean lines in the other, it would be easy to draw a striking parallel between those two parties which now contend with each other in almost every European country: the one marching onwards, spear in hand, and the other tottering backward with its purple rags slouching about its rotten heels.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

The December number of SCANDINAVIA has been purposely delayed by the publishers, owing to the consideration of the advisability of a change in its present form, induced by the considerable financial sacrifices which the publication has hitherto demanded. It has, however, been decided to continue the publication in its present form. Commencing with the third volume, the first number of which will be issued about the 20th of January, SCANDINAVIA will be conducted by a company incorporated under the laws of Illinois.

That this announcement will be gratifying to the circle of friends which this magazine has drawn to it during the two years of its existence, its publisher presumes to hope; and, with more

than a million hearts in this land of Washington and of Lincoln beating warmly in response to any sentiment which has for its mainspring a love of the old homeland, whether it be Svea, Dania or Nora—the founder of SCANDINAVIA intrusts it to what is hoped will be a broader field of usefulness under its new auspices, and asks for it the support of the progressive, intelligent Scandinavians of the United States.

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